

## **J.R. Writer**

### **"Gorrilla Musik"**

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(Chorus)

what, what ? gorilla musik  
what, what ? gorilla musik  
what, what ?

(Verse)

yo, yo yo .. i got them A bars, straight hard  
dont fuck around wit j.r.  
i play hard, i'm a-rod  
you brothers need a day job (ok pause)  
i'm on deck, and sucker i don't play cards  
hip-hop was dead til i went and dug it out the grave  
yard (yard)  
you must be ray charles you seen the dood-us eetha  
those are rabans, nigga these are judith leevis (what's  
the difference?)  
that's a payed grand, sittin on ya scooby feautres  
i'm a made man, this is how i do it skeeza  
non-believers know that writer be grimey  
i'm as scariest as central park night in the 90's  
wrist icy and shiny (bling !), click right there behind  
me  
ride slow, eyes so slow, the ikey be chinese (chinky!)  
i run wit goons of niggas, certified goonie niggas (who  
dat ?)  
kill you all over nuttin, you now, the stupid niggas  
(stupid !)  
you's a victim when you come against the great  
don't think cuz im light skind-ed i won't punch you in ya  
face (werd !)  
i be rumblin', runnin through the jungle with the apes  
have you stumblin, you brothas better pump up on ya  
breaks  
get your jaw wired just for mublin the jakes  
niggas turned into mariah when they run up in the  
place, for the judge to give a break  
when i race my car (man), and run over these little rats  
and my k-a-r  
and this aim a-r (click-clack) and it's mayday paw  
this ain't play-play ya'll, dont try to play j.r.

i'm hot, it don't stop ; i be spazzin, why not  
blowin pot out the spot, nigga pass the eye-drops  
eyes so red (what?, listen, i can pass for cyclops (claps))  
givin mike wippings like im jackson 5 pops (RIOT !)

(Chorus)

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the tyra shit the hustles gon' make a killen to it

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i'ma show these little monkeys how gorillas do it  
(Verse)

i'm from the gutter miss, rubber grips  
leave you niggas mother-less, brother-less  
whoever you runnin wit'll touch ya dick ; stuffed wit  
clips (clips!)

i must admit, ya brothers it  
but i will stick a knife in yo ass if you don't cut the shit  
on a muscle tip (what?), i muscle it  
spark em down, swing my arms around til a muscle rip  
(blaooww)

who could fuck with this, god im next  
you ridin dirty cuz, you aint hit the car wash yet  
i see paper, different kind of cars off set  
3 weeks later, you ain't get ya car washed yet (damn..)  
ask ya broad i'm fresh (fresh !), the champion of the  
hood  
champion hood (and what), shit, i make champion look  
good  
unstood im from the back block (block), where they  
pack glocks  
and you couldnt stop em from ridin (with what?), wit a  
padlock (nope)  
ask not, ya oc it's a black box  
bullets break em in half, call em snap shots  
i aint gotta tussle  
i keep myself outta truble  
i got gorrillas that'll sent you guys in duffles (duffles)  
you guys'll be puzzled, cuz listen i'm too fly to snuff  
you  
i shoot ya dudes down up, don't mean to pop ya bubble  
but ima click clacka (clacka), another clip clappa  
(clappa)

large cake, scarface on the big plasma  
shoulda been in notorious (why?) forget rappin  
cuz shit, you aint actin big, you're a big actor (actor)  
quit the chit chatter, when would all this chatter stop  
(huh)  
before talkin, think about the trash you pop  
i'll have you mournin (mournin), wishin you aint pass  
my block  
put a light in ya coffin, just so you could shadow box

(Chorus)

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